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Willie, fold your little hands;
Let it drop that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands—
Father, that here kissed his boy
Not a month since—father kind,
Who this night may (never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear)—
Cry out loud, that He may hear
Who is God of battles—cry,
"God keep father safe this day
By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk;
Right of nations, trampled creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work;
Any day if the wind may roll
On the heights, Sevastopol!
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, what'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word—
Stand—God save the child's prayers heard—
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing in the town to-day;
That's for victory. No knell swells
For the many swept away—
Hundreds, thousands. Let us weep,
We, who need not—just to keep
Reason clear in thought and brain
Till the morning comes again;
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is—poor and hard;
But thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or, beneath the starry dome,
Lies out trenches in the dark,
Where he buried—Willie, mark—
Where he buried those who died
Fighting—fighting at his side—
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;
God will help us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
Easter and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those great placards in the street,
That for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, says that prayer
Once again—a different one—
Say, "O God! thy will be done
By the Alma River."

—Dinah Maria Mulock.

THE PRICE OF LUMBER.

The price of lumber has been one of the greatest drawbacks Mohave County has had. It has kept back improvements of every kind. It has prevented our citizens from improving their dwelling houses, prevented them from fencing in their lots, erecting out houses and making various other improvements to make their homes comfortable and pleasant. It has prevented our miners from properly timbering their mines and has caused them to constantly endanger their lives by working in shafts that miners elsewhere could not be hired to work in. Ten years ago lumber was worth \$250 per thousand feet. Two years ago it was worth from \$125 to \$150. To-day it is worth from \$90 to \$125. With lumber at these prices one can easily understand that people did not use any more than was absolutely necessary and could not be done without. It is true we have a home saw mill, but the cost of labor in logging and in sawing is so great that there is little or no profit in sawing lumber at \$50 per thousand, delivered at the mill, and by the time it is landed in Mineral Park there is \$40 more to be added for freighting. With the advent of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad in our midst all this will change and one of the greatest benefits this section will derive will be cheap lumber. At Williams there are several mills which are selling rough lumber at from \$16 to \$18 per thousand feet, while the best is only worth \$22. At Parker's mill sixteen miles this side of Flagstaff and right on the line of the track they are loading lumber on the cars at the low and to us almost impossible price of \$11 per thousand. This is a very low price for lumber in any country but when one thinks of the almost unlimited supply of the finest timber in the world which lies in the San Francisco range of mountains and that the railroad passes through miles and miles of virgin forests through which the foot of man has scarcely ever trod and that the trees are right close at the mills, one can see where the difference in the cost of production lies. We are informed by one who has recently

YANKED TO ETERNITY.

Once, when a section crew came down the mountain on the South Park road from Alpine Tunnel to Buena Vista, a very singular thing occurred. Riding down a mountain on a push-car, descending at the rate of over two hundred feet to the mile, means utter destruction unless the brake is on. The section crew referred to got on at Hancock, with their bronzed and glowing hides as full of arsenic and rain water as they could possibly hold. Being recklessly drunk they enjoyed the accelerated velocity of the car wonderfully, until the section boss lost the brake off the car, and then there was a slight feeling of anxiety. The car at last acquired a velocity like that of a young and frolicsome bobtailed comet turned loose in space. The boys began to get nervous at last, and asked each other what should be done. There seemed to be absolutely nothing to do but to shoot onward into the golden presently. All at once the section boss thought of something. He was drunk, but the deadly peril of the moment suggested an idea. There was a rope on the car which would do to tie to something heavy and cast off as an anchor. It was decided to tie it to some one of the crew and cast him loose in order to save the lives of those who remained. It was a glorious opportunity. It was a heroic thing to do. George O'Malley, the section boss, said that he was willing that Patay McBride should snatch the laurels from outrageous fortune and land them on his head. Mr. McBride said he didn't care much for the encomiums of the world. He hadn't lost any encomiums, and didn't want to trade his brains for two dollars' worth of damaged laurels. Every one declined. All seemed willing to go down into history without any ten-line local, and wanted some one else to get the effulgence. Finally, it was decided that a man by the name of Christian Christianson was the man to tie to. He had the asthma anyhow, and life wasn't much of an object to him; so they said that although he declined, he must take the nomination, as he was in the hands of his friends. So they tied the rope around Christian and cast anchor.

The car slowed up, and at last stopped still. The plan had succeeded. Five happy wives greeted their husbands that night as they returned from the jaws of destruction. Christian Christianson did not return. He will never entirely return. He has done so partially, of course, but there are still missing fragments of him, and it looks as though he must have lost his life.—Bill Nye.

"Sine" Barnes tells a racy story of his experience at Santa Monica, in the Carson Appeal. "I was down in that section a few months ago," said "Sine" and pretty nearly busted when I fell in with Jones, the senator, and told him my condition. He fell right up abreast of the situation told me he could give me a job. 'I want a lot of men to keep in the water all day to show visitors how delightful surf-bathing is. You see these people from the East have acquired a sort of prejudice against the Pacific Ocean, and I want to counteract the feeling. I want you to boss eight men and keep 'em tumbling around in the billows, the sport of the laughing sea in striped costumes—men who can run out on the beach every ten minutes and tell how warm the water is.' Well I caught the idea and went to furnish the crowd for two days, and we closed the season with eight men tumbling around in the billows.

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